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The
Boles
Student

VOL. XXIV.

No. 4.

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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXIV.

APRIL, 1896.

No. 4.

EDITORS FROM CLASS OF 1897.

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OPPORTUNITIES OF THE MINISTRY.

By REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.

I WISH that I could bring young men in college to realize that everything that a man has in the way of sinew, scholarship, and mental grasp, he can make tell in the ministerial office. The greatest man that ever lived was a minister. The only profession or pursuit of which it can be said that its field is the world is the Christian ministry; and if you enter it you can fill just as large a part of that world as you have consecrated physical girth and sanctified insight and foresight

and intellectual grip to fill it and overmaster it with. It is a thing to aspire after, to long for, to tiptoe up to.

And the claims and splendid opportunities of the pulpit, let me say, will be still more clearly felt when you appreciate what the real province and scope of the Christian pulpit is; and this we can best do by putting the province of the preacher in comparison and contrast with that of the lawyer. The proper function of the lawyer is to interpret the will of the people as embodied in its constitution, laws, and statutes. The proper province of the preacher is to interpret the

will of God as embodied in scripture, history, and the human conscience. And as there is no phase of life, individual or social, with which the lawyer is not properly drawn into professional contact; so there is no phase of life, individual or social, with which the preacher is not properly drawn into professional contact. Wherever there is a question of "legal or illegal" there is room for the lawyer; wherever there is a question of "right or wrong" there is room for the preacher. The fact that there are criminals and also men who do not understand the law, is what makes lawyers necessary. The fact that there are sinners and also men who do not understand what God's will is, is what makes preachers necessary. To understand the mind of God is then a preacher's first requisite, with all of holiness and loving-kindness that that mind involves, and his *business* as a preacher is to take that mind so known and interpret it and apply it in all men's moral relations to God and to each other. There is no limit to the thing, you perceive. It is the grandest opportunity that offers. The field is the world. There is scarcely a question of general interest that has not in it moral elements. The pulpit has a level horizon with 360 degrees in it. All the great problems that are being discussed in these animated days grow out of a moral root; labor problem, wage problem, spoils problem, rum, negro, monopoly, tariff problems, silver problem, all of them have in them ingredients that can be calculated only from a basis of simple righteousness; and those problems will not be settled

in a way to stay settled till the *moral* factor in each case has been brought out distinctly into the light, and the divine mind, so far as we know it, employed and applied in determining it. That does not mean that the pulpit is to go into politics,—one of the most disastrous things all around that a pulpit ever can do. It means that all these matters about which people are thinking, writing, and talking so much are of such a kind that when you have settled the matter of apparent expediency and the matter of legality, there remains something in regard to which the only question to be asked is, is it right? And we that undertake to preach ought to be so masters of all these questions that we can pick the moral thread out of the snarl, and be able to speak with an authority and an effect begotten of an understanding of the matter we are talking about.

I am sure any of our young friends who want to do something toward making the world better, but have counted out the ministry as not being quite up to the level of their ambition or genius, will discover that being a minister means a great deal beside giving out hymns and repeating moral commonplaces that everybody knows, and exhuming antiquated heroes that everybody is willing should stay buried. We are come now to an era of what some one has called applied Christianity, and its ministry feels its own relevancy to the moment. Now, my young friend, if you have got any sanctified genius there is room for it. You can be all that it is in you to be, and do all that it is in you to do, and still not

come anywhere near to the limit of opportunity. If you have the spirit of Christ in you, you will have the whole world loaded upon you, and your ambition is not likely to go farther.

Raise, then, in your mind the question whether your talents are not of such a kind that you can best carry forward Christ's work of saving, helping, liberating, and upbuilding men by being a minister. Do not evade the question; and, on the other hand, do not force an answer. You cannot afford to make a mistake, because you cannot live here but once. Consider the breadth of the opportunities. Consider the breadth and quality of your endowments, and if opportunity makes the motion, and aptitude seconds the motion, then let God and humanity carry the motion, and the blessing of the Holy Spirit crown your ministry.

MRS. PROFESSOR STANTON.

BY PROF. J. A. HOWE, D.D.

THE last number of the *STUDENT* contained the announcement of the death of Mrs. Harriet C. W. Stanton, which occurred after a long illness, on the morning of March 3d. By her death the students have lost a devoted friend. As long as her health permitted, she knew them personally, and was careful not to lose sight of them after they left college. Her interest in everything pertaining to their welfare continued unabated to the end of her life. It seems fitting that some account of her life and character should be given to the readers of the *STUDENT*.

Mrs. Stanton was born in the town

of Poland, spent her girlhood days in Minot, and after her eighteenth year had her home in Portland until her marriage and removal to Lewiston. She was the eldest of nine children. Two brothers and three sisters survive her. One of her sisters is the wife of Professor Howe of Cobb Divinity School.

In her youth, colleges for women were unknown; but she was early given the best opportunity the state afforded for the training of her mind. At ten years of age this country girl was reading Virgil under the tuition of her father, and was making corresponding advancement in other studies. As a matter of local interest it may be mentioned that, for a short time, she attended the Lewiston Falls Academy. During all her school life she disclosed the rare quality and versatility of mental powers that won the admiration of her school-mates and teachers. She had a special aptitude for the languages. Of Latin, Greek, French, and German she had a thorough knowledge, to which was added an acquaintance with Italian, Spanish, and Hebrew. She was well versed in English Literature, and pursued some departments of it with careful and appreciative research until the last of her life. Mathematics with little persuasion laid bare its secrets to her brilliant mind.

Her superior intellectual qualities came to her by rightful inheritance from her father, Jabez C. Woodman, a prominent lawyer of Portland. He was a Bowdoin graduate of the class of 1822, and a classmate of Chief Justice Appleton and Professor William Smyth.

From her mother, whose maiden name was Louisa Rich, she received qualities that adorned her womanly nature, and gave to her person its sweet attractiveness. The blending of these intellectual and feminine qualities resulted in symmetry of mind and balance of character. Intellectual she was, but not at the expense of any other department of her being. This is especially true of her religious nature. All her gifts and acquirements were early hallowed by consecration to Christ. A sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Drummond, in Auburn, first led her to a full determination to be a Christian, a determination unshaken by any of the assaults of modern skeptical thought with which she kept herself fully conversant.

Thus equipped, this young woman was prepared for a more than ordinary career and service in life. The gift of good judgment that does not always accompany superior abilities she possessed in a marked degree, so that, through all her life, she was appealed to for its exercise in behalf of others. As the eldest child and sister, as the daughter at the head of her father's household for several years after her mother's death, as an aunt treated rather as a mother by all her nephews and nieces, as the trusted companion and helper of her husband, she was constantly looked to for counsel on a wide variety of subjects, and was ever honored for the soundness of her opinions. Her powers and graces and strength were all freely devoted to her friends.

For a number of years she gave herself to teaching. In this work no one

could be more painstaking, more accurate, more thorough. Indeed thoroughness and accuracy characterized all that she undertook. It is significant that, in several instances where she went as a pupil, she was retained as a teacher, and that wherever she taught she was unwillingly released. Her last work in teaching was done at Waterville, where she was associated with the late Professor Hanson. For two years previous to this, she was preceptress of Maine State Seminary.

Here began the acquaintance that culminated in her marriage, in the summer of 1866, to Professor J. Y. Stanton. Since that time her life, with the exception of a year in Europe, has been spent in Lewiston. It need not be said how well fitted she was to be the wife of a man devoted to scholarly pursuits. She made her home attractive, and for its attractions and service rather than for those of society at large, she preferred to live. She gave its hospitality freely, not only to her personal friends, but to the students and graduates of the college. Indeed, Bates College has had for thirty years no truer friend. From the first she entered heartily into all the details by which its prosperity and character were secured. Only those acquainted with the burdens that, in those early days of its history, were heaped upon the faculty, can understand the burdens that came upon their devoted wives. During this period, Mrs. Stanton knew well how to be a helpmeet to her husband. Some of his studies she followed with an understanding equal to his own. His enthusiasm for Ornithology she shared with unfaltering interest. She examined

much of our literature on this subject, searched all the poets for their contributions to it, and was thus qualified for writing as scholarly and trenchant a piece of criticism as ever appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic*. [Poets and Birds: A Criticism—*Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1883; A Literary Curiosity—*Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1884.]

An unfinished manuscript on "The Birds of Palestine and New England," to which she had given much attention, sickness compelled her to lay aside. Other literary work of hers showing erudition, taste, and versatility, need not be mentioned here. It is not too much to say that had her physical strength been equal to her mental vigor, American literature would have laid honors at her feet.

Mrs. Stanton was never a robust woman. Slight in form and ever frail, she served her Master with the best use of the strength she had. She was a member of the Pine Street Congregational Church of this city. During the last years of her life, worship at the sanctuary she was in large measure compelled to forego; but not the worship of the closet and the home. To the circle of her friends she preached by her example, spirit, service, and gracious words, a faith that gives to motives their purity, to convictions strength, to character its unselfishness, and to life in all its conditions, aspirations for things above. Her sympathies went out for every good cause. In communion with the Father through our Lord Jesus Christ, she was taught fellowship with all the children of God and

with all the truth that brings society near to Him.

On such a life rests no shadow. From first to last it glows with saintly light. But the fading out of that light in this world leaves darkness in the hearts of those who have long rejoiced in it and through many years had their lives gladdened by its beneficent rays.

ZOE.

A Girl's Story.

BY SADIE MAY BRACKETT, '98.

CHAPTER I.

LOVE.

A LITTLE town nestling among mountains that encircle it with an ever-changing line of blue; farm-houses scattered over bare, brown hills; one long main street, following the little winding river; other streets straggling away from this in many different directions, as the caprice of village life dictates—this is Curvo.

Down from the main street, in the lower part of the village, is an old bridge. High partitions separate the footpath and the carriage roads of this bridge. Above it is a dam, stretching between a bare white ledge on the one side and a huge boulder on the other. Over this dam the little river dashes and hurls itself with angry roar, and throws white spray high in air. A branch of the river, curving to the right, ploughs its way along the ledge and hollows out a road between the heaped up boulders, making for itself separate channels through which it hastens to join, beneath the bridge, the main course of the river.

The ledge has been washed bare of soil and polished by swollen currents through many springs and winters. Square cakes of ice, stranded upon the highest boulders by a recent freshet, lie sparkling and glistening in the moonlight.

Upon the opposite side an artificial wooden banking, built to protect the soil, forms a fitting framework for Jack Frost, the unsurpassed decorator of the North. A low bush, bending over the embankment, has been caught and deftly bound by crystal sheathings. Nearer the dam, fairy grottoes, lined with long icicle pillars, gleam in many colors of the rainbow.

Over all, the second moon of the month sheds a weird, ghostly light. The old year is fast passing, borne on the rushing current of the river.

Two figures slowly move along the narrow walk of the bridge and stop, as if to watch the old year out under the magic influence of moon and river.

One was enveloped in a long dark ulster, which, buttoned closely, showed his tall, graceful figure in clear outline. A strong figure, though slender, and the proud curves of head and shoulders betokened that self-respect and true dignity which is every man's birthright till he sells it. His attitude, as he bent toward the speaker, breathed reverence and loyalty to woman.

The girl was below medium height, and her dress, from the dancing tassel on her jaunty crimson cap to the little restless toe that tapped so impatiently the wooden planks, indicated the power to satisfy her artistic appreciation of the becoming. Beneath the crimson

cap and waving hair that would not stay in order was a dreamy, sensitive face, and dark eyes that were oftenest filled with yearning. They were wide open now, staring straight at the foaming river. Her voice was eager, almost pleading, as she said:

"You know I am too young yet, Paul. We must wait three years—only that. And I shall see so much, and learn so much, and you will have a settled practice then, and a little home. It isn't that papa doesn't like you; but he says I must be sure that I know my own mind, that I have known only you all my life, as if *that* would make a difference. I love you, Paul. You know that I love you, and I will come back to you in three years. But now I want to paint, to do nothing but paint for a little time. Papa has said you must not write to me, you must not come to see me. It is hard—I know it is hard"—here her voice broke, a little choking sob was heard, then silence.

Slowly the young lover raised his cap, and with his fair head bathed in the moonlight, exclaimed in a low voice, hoarse with emotion—"I cannot feel as you do. It is not for a little time. If your father was other than my benefactor, the man who gave me the place of a son in his household since I was a little child, I would rebel. But my hands are bound! You are passing from me forever—and my hands are bound! Do you think that once in the luxurious home of your uncle, the pride of his lonely life, you will be allowed to return and become the wife of a poor country doctor? Do you

think you will wish it? I have nothing to offer you. It would be selfish to bind you with any promise.—You are free.”

He stopped, and then with his blue eyes full of pleading tenderness, and his proud lips losing their firm curves,—“But, Zoe! little Zoe! if you ever *do* wish it, be it three years or be it thirty, I will wait for you. I shall always wait for you, Zoe.”

The great brown eyes of the girl overflowed, and holding out both hands toward him she whispered, “Paul! Paul!” and burst into sobs. He held her firmly an instant, then turned and with quick steps walked away, squaring his shoulders as if to resist some shock that threatened to overpower him.

The girl bowed her head on the railing of the bridge, then slowly disappeared in the opposite direction. And the little river came dashing and foaming over the dam, bringing in its arms the new year—for the old it had carried far out to sea and could never, *never* bring it back again.

CHAPTER II.

ART.

The three years passed very quickly for Zoe. The new life was full of happy hours at her easel under the guidance of an artist of real genius, with enough of success to dazzle and to rouse within her a strong ambition, and enough of failure to spur her on, increasing her realization of the years of hard, yet delightful labor before her. Association with brilliant men and women, whose ambitions and stand-

ards of judgment were so wholly different from those she had known before, bewildered her. What wonder that the memory of her lover grew dim; and the life of a poor doctor's wife less and less attractive!

Let us peep into her little studio and see what she is doing this winter's afternoon. The room is fitted up to please her own artistic fancy. Ceiling and walls are finished in deep cream tints with gilt mouldings, while the draperies, couch, and the tilings of the fire-place are a dull blue. Along one side of the room sketches and paintings are carelessly hung, some with their faces to the wall. In front of one of the large windows is her working easel; the frame of the other window has been built into a deep seat.

Here the young artist is sitting with cushions at her back, one foot curled up beneath her, the other swinging aimlessly above a soft fur rug. She is evidently dreaming, with her dark eyes fixed upon the fluffy snow-flakes that sink softly past the window in the dying light of the short winter day.

Suddenly she rises to her feet. “I must decide at once.” She speaks earnestly. “I ought to write to Paul to-night. But what shall I tell him! Cella and Midge are coming at five. I will wait until they are gone.”

She begins to clear away the brushes, bottles, and paints upon the little round table in the middle of the studio, and when she has finished she spreads a pure white doily in the center and places upon it an alcohol lamp and other preparations for cocoa-making.

Wheeling a low couch slantways

before the fire she places upon it the cushions from the window seat and spreads the fur rug before it. Then she shakes down the dull blue window draperies, and coming back to the fire, kneels down and starts it into a bright blaze that sends flickering shadows about the little room. A maltese kitten, wakened from a nap upon the couch, stretches itself and yawns, showing its little pink tongue, then lies down again.

Going to the row of pictures, Zoe selects one which has been hanging face to the wall, and standing it upon a low fancy easel, places it where the fire glow flecks the face of the picture.

"Do I love you more than this life, Paul?" she asks softly; and going out, shuts the door of the studio behind her.

The wavering light of the fire falls gently upon the boyish face and upon the little maltese cat curled up on the dull blue couch.

.

Half an hour later Zoe and her girl friends made a pretty picture before the fire. Midge was in an easy-chair at the left—a short fat girl with many freckles and an odd little nose that with her twinkling gray eyes gave a humorous look to her plain features. The little cat was purring energetically from the depths of her lap and watching the fire with the brightest of little bright eyes.

Cella lay at full length on the couch, her back supported by pillows. She was one of those languid, romantic girls who seem born to be served, a kind-hearted creature but spoiled by too much petting.

Zoe, very winsome in a soft gray tea-gown, was making cocoa. Soon, with much mock ceremony, she came and, kneeling on the rug, begged "Fair Queen Viocella" to taste the potion her humble servant had prepared.

The hours passed very quickly in mischief and laughter. They talked of many things in the mixed and broken fashion girls delight in. Bits of gossip and some sober discussion of the length to which the Bohemian life should be carried, aimless nonsense with occasional flashes of honest conviction, were mingled with plenty of "shop" talk of the last picture to create a sensation at the Museum, the comparative merits of other pictures, etc., etc. By and by, grown to a confidential mood, Zoe sitting on the rug nestled close to Cella, and Midge dropped the kitten and came to sit beside her. Suddenly, Cella broke the silence:

"Oh, Zoe! you can't guess what I heard Hennerby say of you yesterday. It made me quite envious."

"Tell me quick. He is so severe in his criticisms. I tremble when he comes to look at my work. But I like him. His genius awes me."

"He is far the best artist in the Museum, but he has no patience," said Midge. "What did he tell you about Zoe?"

"Well, he said that she had ability in producing natural effects, sincerity he called it. He said that she was ignorant of anatomy, but that her conceptions were remarkably truthful; and that her charcoal sketch of the little match girl who posed for us Tuesday was wonderful."

"Cella, you are a base flatterer. What is the real foundation of all that fine speech? What did he really say?"

"He really said, fair infidel, just what I tell you. I quoted nearly word for word. You have a career before you, my child. Some day when you are a second Rosa Bonheur, Midge and I will be proud to remark when your name is mentioned, "Oh, yes, an old friend of mine at the Museum."

"Um! how entrancing! and when I hunt you up, dressed in cowhides, etc., *à la Rosa Bonheur*, I shall find a haughty duchess of some great estate or other, sending a servant to dismiss the presuming creature, not even letting me paint your favorite horse."

"Don't you think it!" said Midge. "Cella is not such a goose. If she was a duchess there would have to be a duke, and Cella could never endure that."

"Bah! no," said Cella, shrugging her graceful shoulders, "I have no use for a man." More nonsense along this line followed, then Cella exclaimed:

"Oh, girls, let's always live together, take an oath of celibacy, and help each other to climb. We seem to fit in, some way. Zoe is the sugar, and Midge the spice, and—"

"Cella the stuffing—excellent compound. Agreed," laughed Midge.

"Wretch!" cried Cella, pinching her gently. "What do you say, Zoe?"

"Oh, I don't know—I—"

"Zoe!" exclaimed both girls at the same time. Cella leaned forward and, placing her fingers beneath Zoe's chin, lifted the sweet face now covered with blushes and scrutinized it fearfully, as if looking for the marks of a deadly disease; then she sank back with a groan.

"It's all over with her," she sighed. Midge sprang to her feet and, seizing an old-fashioned pair of tongs, brandished them fiercely, exclaiming:

"Who has dared? Breathe the name of the villain and I will—"

"Don't," said Zoe, "What a fuss you girls make over nothing. You are frightening my poor little cat into a fit. Come down to the music-room and play a merry jingle to drive away this absurd nonsense."

The girls followed her, laughing; and also the little maltese cat, whisking through the door just in time to save her long fluffy tail from a pinching.

Late that night the letter to Paul was written.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bates Verse.

DAFFODILS.

They wove a wreath for the Year,
Wild harebells and roses sweet,
Fair Summer bound with the golden-rod
That Autumn laid at her feet.

Then Winter, the wizard, wrought
Strange blooms of his icy breath,

And sadly twined with the flowers of love
The white, white lilies of death.

But up rose the fairy Spring,
And stayed she his fingers chill,
While she set on the brow of the sorrow-
ing Year
Gold stars of the daffodil.

—M. S. M., '91.

BOAT SONG.

Ripple, ripple from the shore,
While I ply the guiding oar,
Airy boat,
Lightly float
O'er the silver stream
Where the sparkles gleam.
Ripple, ripple past the grove
Lightly rocking in the cove,
Gently sway
All the way,
O'er the shining tide,
Speeding in thy pride. —'99.

MAY-FLOWERS.

For weary months the cold earth lay
Within its cold white shroud entombed,
Spring stooped and kissed the frozen sod,
And lo! these lovely flowers bloomed.
They grew where winter's chilling snows
Had earliest left the forest slope,
As through the shadows of despair
Spring up the blessed flowers of hope.
A year ago to this same place
I came to find these flowers of spring:
O buds of May, what changes bright,
What hopes, what fears a year may bring!
Yet you are still the same to me—
The same as when in childhood's hours

I searched the sun-kissed hillsides o'er,
And called you spring-time's fairest
flowers.

And may you ever give to me
The same delight that first you gave—
We change so soon—the old delights
That seemed immortal cease to live.

And may I ever love to tread
These paths that Nature's steps have trod,
For those that love God's glorious works
Cannot be far from loving God.

—L. D. T., '96.

ARBUTA, A CHILD OF MY
SOLITUDE.

Her face is an evening primrose
Whose sweetness is known by few.
Her eyes are like shy, blue violets
Dipped in the angel's dew.

Her form is as supple and upright
As a birch in its first white dress.
At dusk comes her presence before me,
Breathing new loveliness.

Arbuta's heart is a temple,
An holy and humble abode,
Where the Dove is enshrined in His
beauty,

Content as where Jordan flowed.

—S. M. B., '98.

College News and Interests.

BRIEF OF PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL
REPORT—Y. M. C. A.

By J. B. Cox, '96.

THE following statistics and suggestions, taken from the report on last year's work, and given here at the request of the new administration, are presented with the hope that the progress thus indicated will inspire a wider interest and corresponding greater progress in the year now opening.

The advancement of last year is best indicated by comparing its figures with those of the preceding year. The

amount of money raised during the year, a new committee having been appointed for the purpose, was \$153.69, to \$101.26 raised the previous year; the total outlay, \$136.53 to \$98.13. The amount used for the Northfield delegation was \$93.73. The year before it was \$50.10. A year ago there was \$6.34 in the treasury; at the beginning of this year, \$23.50, leaving \$17.16 more with which to begin the Northfield fund, than was available a year ago. We emphasize here the importance of Northfield, because at this

conference were received the new ideas and impulses which have taken effect in the different departments of our work for the past year.

In addition to the work previously done for new students, last year the committee remodeled the hand-book, organized the forces of the Association to meet new students at the trains, and prepared for the Freshman reception earlier in the term than usual, making thereby the work and interests of the Association primary. As a result of this work and the efforts of the Membership Committee, 20 new members were received from the Freshman Class, 15 active and 5 associate. From the Class of '98, 6 men joined, 5 active and 1 associate, making in all 18 from that class, and increasing the membership of the Association from 58 at the beginning to 70 at the close of the year.

The statistics of the religious meetings show the increase in religious interest. The attendance at the Sunday morning meetings was, on the average, 26, three times as many lacking one, as the average of the previous year. The attendance of men at the union meetings was 30; the year before it was 18. Special meetings were also held, 18 in number, with an average attendance of 42. The results of the religious meetings cannot be measured by numbers. By means of these and the other efforts attending them, including the increase in Bible study and prayer, a deeper spiritual life is attested by all. New joy has filled our hearts because of the new voices in our midst testifying of Christ. Ten of

the leading men in college have taken a stand for Him, making in all 75 Christian men, 30 more than one year ago, all moving forward in this worthy and glorious cause. With all these encouragements, ought we not to expect even greater results in the coming year than in the past?

Two things are desirable, first—that the members of the Association give the most loyal and hearty support to the present administration; second—that every man in college be interested enough in this work to do for it all he can consistently. There is one respect in which all in a degree can aid. The Association, as appears from last year's experience, needs financial aid. \$35.18 of the Northfield fund was given by the delegates themselves. Cannot this fund be increased this year by each man in college giving a small amount in addition to the larger amounts which the delegates will be willing to contribute? It is by this increased aid that the Association can in turn become more helpful. We trust that in this respect and in all others there will be, during the year, between this and the other organizations and interests, a stronger mutual helpfulness; that not only will the work of the Association be more prosperous, but in studies, literary achievements, and athletics, will prevail, more than ever, the spirit of Christianity, of enterprise, and of excellence which in a marked degree have recently characterized our college.

Compulsory attendance at chapel exercises has been abolished at the University of Missouri.

LOCALS.

Emrich, '91, paid us a visit during vacation.

A new piano has been placed in Cheney Hall.

Miss Houghton, '97, is teaching at Monson Academy.

Many of the students will take to wheeling this spring.

The marine artist can pitch his studio at any street corner nowadays.

John Stafford of the Lewistons has coached the ball team for the past two weeks.

C. C. Penley of Auburn has returned to college and entered the Class of '99.

Professor Strong recently conducted a party of Juniors through the electric light station.

President Chase has returned after a successful winter's work in Boston and elsewhere.

Professor Strong exhibited X-rays to the Maine Methodist Conference held recently in Auburn.

Bolster, Cutts, and Stanley have been appointed as officials at the M. I. A. A. field day at Waterville, June 13th.

'97 is glad to welcome back Miss Twort, who has been kept from college during the past year by trouble with her eyes.

Professor Rand spent the vacation in the vicinity of Boston, visiting in particular the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

As we go to press, we learn with deep regret of the death of Rev. Dr.

Fullonton of the college. We shall present a sketch of his life in our May number.

In the death of Hon. Horace C. Little of Lewiston, Bates loses one of her staunchest friends. Mr. Little always felt a warm interest in the college, and has held important positions in her executive board.

At the instance of the alumni and alumnae associations, as a mark of affection and respect, Professor Stanton's recitation room has been beautifully refitted. In addition to the tasteful finish the walls are ornamented by pictures of classic interest, and busts of Sophocles, Demosthenes, and Sappho. A new chair and desk have also been placed in the room.

The Athletic Exhibition, given in City Hall, March 20th, was a success from both a critical and financial standpoint. The Athletic Association realized a neat sum toward the payment of its debt. The cup offered by the College Club for greatest excellence in class drill was won by '97 in its broadsword drill.

The annual meeting of the Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Association was held at Brunswick, March 7, 1896. The colleges were represented as follows: Bowdoin—Dana, '96; M. S. C.—Dillingham, '98; Bates—Boothby, '96; Colby—Pierce, '98. Officers for the ensuing year were elected—President to be elected by Bowdoin; Vice-President, Dillingham of M. S. C.; Secretary, Stanley of Bates; Treasurer, Pierce of Colby. It was voted to hold the spring tournament in Portland,

June 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th, and all arrangements were left in the hands of the president of the association.

There has been some misunderstanding in matters pertaining to the Debating League. It is now decided, however, that Bates will not meet Tufts, as the latter college has withdrawn from the league altogether. Therefore the Bates representatives, Howard, Cutts, and Durkee, will meet Boston University men in Boston, April 23d, at Faneuil Hall. A large party of students will accompany the debaters.

The following is the cast of characters of the "Merchant of Venice," given April 17th, in Music Hall:

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| Shylock, | R. L. Thompson. |
| Bassanio, | G. W. Thomas. |
| Antonio, | O. F. Cutts. |
| Gratiano, | G. E. Poor. |
| Lorenzo, | R. B. Stanley. |
| Salanio, | A. T. Hinckley. |
| Salarino, | E. W. Collins. |
| Duke of Venice, | J. A. Marr. |
| Tubal, | D. M. Stewart. |
| Old Gobbo, | H. T. Gould. |
| Launcelot, | F. H. Purinton. |
| Portia, | Miss Alice E. Bonney. |
| Nerissa, | Miss Ina V. Flanders. |
| Jessica, | Miss Maude A. Vickery. |

The play was a financial as well as an artistic success, and according to the press, one of the best amateur productions ever given in this city.

On the last Wednesday of the winter term the Sophomores spent a pleasant afternoon with Professor Stanton and a few friends, reading their winter sketches, and presenting their lists of winter birds. R. F. Springer, '95, W. W. Bolster, Jr., '95, and A. B. Hoag, '96, served as judges for the winter sketches, awarding the first prize to

Mr. Henry Hawkins, the second to Mr. Frank Pearson. Among the ladies, Miss M. S. Garcelon received the first prize for the largest list of birds seen during the winter months, and Miss M. B. Maxim the second. No decision could be made with reference to the prize for the young men, owing to the fact that the three best had seen an equal number. Mr. Bruce also had a large list of southern birds. At the suggestion of Mr. Bolster, the four, Bruce, Costello, Toothaker, and Wells, were given vacation week in which they were to settle the contest by making new lists.

The prize division of the Sophomore Class declaimed on Thursday evening, March 26th. The programme:

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| The Stability of our Republic.—Garfield. | F. U. Landman. |
| England and America.—Thomas. | F. Pearson. |
| The Unknown Speaker.—Anon. | O. H. Toothaker. |
| Romola and Savonarola.—Eliot. | Sadie M. Brackett. |
| "De Valley and de Shadder."—Edwards. | Adah M. Tasker. |
| Skimsey.—Stoddart. | Affie D. Weymouth. |
| Eulogy on Hamilton.—Anon. | T. S. Bruce. |
| The Wreck of the Arctic.—Beecher. | J. F. Brackett. |
| Address to the Memory of Garfield.—Depew. | J. P. Sprague. |
| The Spectre of the Falls.—Murray. | Ellen W. Smith. |
| The Roman Sentinel.—Florence. | W. S. Parsons. |
| The Uncle.—Anon. | Julia F. Leader. |
| Apostrophe to the Bishop of Beauvis. | —De Quincey. |
| The Spanish Mother.—Anon. | A. T. Hinkley. |
| | Persie L. Morrison. |

The committee of award, Rev. H. R. Rose, W. B. Skelton, and Mrs. L. G. Jordan, presented the ladies' prize to

Miss Smith, the gentleman's to Mr. Parsons.

Just as we are going to press, the good news comes that our debaters have defeated Boston University, and the championship of the New England League comes to Bates. The whole college is rejoicing over the victory. Full particulars will be published later.

Manager Thompson of the base-ball team presents the following schedule for the season of '96 :

April 23—N. H. State College, at Lewiston.
 April 25—Lewiston, at Lewiston.
 April 29—Portland, at Portland.
 May 2—Murphy Balsams, at Lewiston.
 May 6—Open.
 May 9—Open.
 May 12—University of Vermont, at Burlington.
 May 13—University of Vermont, at Burlington.
 May 14—Vermont Academy, at Saxton's River.
 May 15—N. H. State College, at Dover.
 May 16—Exeter, at Exeter.
 May 18—Maine State College, at Lewiston.
 May 20—Colby, at Lewiston.
 May 23—Bowdoin, at Brunswick.
 May 27—Open.
 May 30—Tufts, at Lewiston.
 June 4—Bowdoin, at Lewiston.
 June 5—Maine State College, at Orono.
 June 9—Colby, at Waterville.
 June 11—Worcester Polytechnic Institute, at Lewiston.

The annual Senior Exhibition occurred on the evening of March 27th, in the Main Street Free Baptist Church. The parts were all of a high order of excellence. The following is the programme :

Silent Eloquence. R. D. Fairfield.
 Seeing Dependent on Being. Miss Gracia Prescott.

Developments of Photography.

R. L. Thompson.

Beacon Lights.

Miss Alice E. Bonney.

The True Standard of National Greatness.

G. W. Thomas.

Passion's Responsive Chord.

Miss Ina M. Parsons.

Madame Tallien.

A. L. Kavanaugh.

Limitations of Knowledge.

Miss Gertrude L. Miller.

Political Melancholy.

O. C. Boothby.

Originality.

Miss Edna M. Hunt.

The Evils of our Currency System.

A. B. Howard.

The Symphony of Life. Miss Flora A. Mason.

WILL IT NEVER CEASE ?

"Are you the 'Board ?'" the Freshman asked,
 And then, with an air like a lord,
 He presented 'An Ode to the Chapel Towers'.
 Said the editor, "Yes, I'm the *bored*."

—Bowdoin Orient.

First theological student—"I have found out what the wild waves are saying." Second theological student—"Is that so; what is it?" First theological student—"Let us spray."
 —Ex.

MY VALENTINE.

The postman smiled, with look benign,
 And handed me a valentine;
 Throughout my heart there went a thrill,
 And from my lips there came a trill
 Of music. 'Twas from Clementine,
 This large, this lustrous valentine,
 This quaint, this curious valentine;
 My life was vain, indeed, until
 The postman smiled.

I tore it open, read a line,
 But shades of Bacchus, god of wine,
 Throughout my heart there went a thrill;
 It was my last week's laundry bill;
 A curse on old St. Valentine.

The postman smiled.

—Tennessee University Magazine.

Around the Editors' Table.

OUR number opens this month with an article *written expressly for the STUDENT* by Rev. Dr. Parkhurst. We hope to follow this during the year with other contributions from prominent men. The object of this series of articles is to bring the students of Bates into contact with some of the leaders of the day. This purpose is in harmony with the increasing tendency among college students to reach out beyond curriculum and text-books and strive to learn lessons from the experience of successful men of our own time.

That a man like Dr. Parkhurst should find time to write for our college magazine is a great source of gratification to us as students of Bates. We should prize his contribution as a special message to us from a noble and successful life.

THE attention of our readers is also directed to another feature of this number—the symposium under the Alumni Department.

“How can I make the most of my college course” is the vital question with all of us. To the thoughtful, earnest student the answer involves much perplexity. Boundless opportunities seem opening out before him, and yet he can grasp only a few. What shall he attempt? and what leave untried? How far can he be broad without being superficial? What are the essential things which will help most in the actual work of life?

To help in the solution of some such problems is the object of this symposium. Experience is said to be the best teacher, but in this case the testimony of experience comes only after the opportunity has fled; we find out what we should have done in college only after we have gone out into the world and our four years of opportunity have gone.

We may, however, learn from the experience of those who have been students and are now successful men, victors in the actual struggle of life; and thus, combining their experience with *our* opportunity, we may hope to use the latter wisely.

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found a summary of the work done by our Y. M. C. A. during the past year. It merits a careful reading by all. The progress of Bates, in this branch of its activity, has been commensurate with that made along other lines. Probably no single year of the Association's history can show a record of greater usefulness. In financial receipts and outlays, in membership and in evangelistic work has the advance been most marked. The number of Christian men in college shows an increase from 42% to 65%; the membership of the Association from 54% to 60%. In proportion as the Association is alive and aggressive is it conscious of its needs and ungrasped opportunities, hence the recommendations which the report contains.

The quickened religious life which the past term has seen must be attributed in no small measure to the aggressive policy of the Association. Religion has been given a primary place in the daily life. Prayer and thought are more generally recognized as the essentials of a robust Christianity. This augurs much for the future. Given a high religious tone, and many difficult problems of college life are solved; sound scholarship and athletics are the sure gainers. For the Association to continue the same efficiency the coming year two things are necessary. First, the quite prevalent illusion must be dispelled that upon the officers of the Association falls the entire responsibility. Secondly, every Christian man must be clearly convinced that he has a share in the work to be done. Let this condition be met, and the future is bright with promises.

IN our college work almost nothing is left more to the option of the student than the use he will make of his note-book. The teacher perhaps requires him to take notes on certain lectures and to keep a record of certain investigations, and that is all. Further note-book work is left to the individual choice. And the student who makes his note-book something more than a mere machine finds extensive use for it. The real idea in it should be that of a supplement to the text-book. It is a book in which to take down what one wishes to remember and does not have in convenient form. In every recitation there should be need of such a book. We often hear it said that

under a good teacher one recitation lost can never be fully made up. And this is because the teacher brings so much into the class that is new to the student or that helps to make the thought of the lesson clear. Here, then, the student who studies as an investigator finds an important use for the note-book. And such a book, if kept in an orderly and neat manner, will be of great value for reference, and will prove very helpful in teaching the study.

A QUESTION which seems to be facing New England colleges just at present is that of an honor system in examinations, the idea of which originated at Princeton several years ago, where such a system was adopted and has since proved highly satisfactory and pleasing to faculty and students alike. A few colleges have already followed this example and the question of doing so is now being seriously agitated at Dartmouth, Yale, Amherst, Williams, and many smaller colleges. It is a matter which may well solicit the earnest attention of students, for, however reluctant we may be to acknowledge it, the standard of honor through examination week is not always what could be wished. There may be other and better remedies for this evil than the adoption of an honor system, so-called, which is a voluntary movement on the part of the students to co-operate with the faculty in maintaining strict honesty through examinations. This does not involve a course of spying, but places every student on his honor toward every other student

as toward a member of the faculty. We feel thankful that at present *Bates* feels no very urgent need of such a device as this system, yet it may be not unwise to consider its merits and demerits while they are being so generally weighed.

AS spring approaches and the snow grudgingly melts away, we all turn our thoughts out of doors to consider our athletic outlook here at Bates. Nothing comes harder to most of us than to see a reputation once earned slip away, and there is nothing of which a man is more jealous than of the prestige of his college in athletics. Soon the striped sweaters, duck trousers, and airy running suits will be everywhere on the campus and all our talk will run to base-ball scores, tennis chances, and the ability to get there of our field and track athletes. Our last spring's record on the diamond and court was such that it will take our very best efforts to equal it; our work at the Waterville field day was also of a character which will be hard (we hope) to reproduce. When 'Ninety-five left college she took with her a fine group of athletes whose

places are extremely difficult to fill; but if the new men turn out with a will and the student body, young men and ladies too, give the teams hearty encouragement and support, we shall have many a jubilation this spring. In this connection we would like to quote from a letter recently received from a prominent Boston alumnus: "Make things hustle at Bates this next term. I would like to urge one thing upon Bates men and that is that they be very careful in their treatment of visiting teams. I know the warmth of the undergraduate feeling between Bates and Bowdoin; but it savors too much of preparatory schools to cheer our opponents' errors and to make personal remarks to the players. Bates can never get ahead of Bowdoin nor can Bowdoin get ahead of Bates in working up "gags" on the other, but the college that first ignores such dirty little flings as "Bates Academy" is sure to be the winner in public opinion. A preparatory school standard has existed since I can remember in the cheering of the colleges, and it will be to our credit if we can raise it to a college standard."

Alumni Department.

[The alumni are respectfully requested to send to these columns Communications, Personals, and everything of interest concerning the college and its graduates.]

THE entire department is given up this month to a symposium among prominent alumni on the following question: *In view of your experience in life, what changes would you make in your methods of study and reading if you could repeat your college course?*

This symposium will be continued in

the May number of the *STUDENT*, and others of a similar nature will be published during the year.

The alumni editor wishes to take this opportunity of expressing his thanks to the alumni who have so cordially responded to his requests for contributions.

To the Editors of the Student:

YOU ask me a hard question—*In view of my experience in life, what changes would I make in my methods of study and reading, if I could repeat my college course;* and I must answer it with two hundred words, harder still.

Evidently you are after a series of "confessions;" I am willing to make mine if it will do any one any good.

1. My first change would be to make sure that I *had* a method, and that I followed it. Away back in the seventies, when I was at Bates, the besetting sin of many of us was lack of any method whatever, and careless, unbusiness-like habits of both study and reading. A method is nothing more nor less than a habit, and if I were to repeat my college course, I would try first of all to get firm mastery over myself, both morally and mentally, so that my will would execute what my conscience commanded.

2. I take it that the prime duty of a student is to master the work which is given him to do from day to day, and he cannot do it unless he is methodical in the use of his time. I would not study for rank. I never did. But I would study for knowledge, and as a matter of honor between myself and my instructors, and I would put my whole self into every day's work. I believe it is an altogether false notion that a student can afford to neglect his regular work for anything else under the sun. But I think many college students do neglect it, and that they suffer for it all through life. The truth is, the best thing a man gets in college is character, force, manhood, ideals, self-mastery; and the man who gets

these, or finds himself in the way of getting them, is bound to succeed later on. I would enter heartily into recreation and college sports. I would cultivate the social side of life; but I would put first things first and keep them there.

3. I would be just as strict with myself in the matter of reading as in study. I would not read for pleasure, merely, nor simply in order to find something to help me in a coming essay or debate. I would read in order to come into fellowship and companionship with the great and good of all time, to become familiar with "the best that has been thought and said," which is Matthew Arnold's definition of literature; in order to get into my very soul "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit," which is Milton's definition of a good book. I would not trust to my own unaided sense in finding these, but make all the use possible of teachers and fellow-students.

In short, if I were to repeat my college course, I would make a much more deliberate and careful effort to live up to my ideals, to get possession of myself, to get the power of application, to get a sound judgment, respect for my own thoughts, and ability to express them with force and clearness.

Yours sincerely,

F. W. BALDWIN, '72.

ORANGE, N. J., April 2, 1896.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

THOUGH it is true that we all have to earn our living by the practice of a specialty, yet I distrust those systems of study which lead toward specialization early in the college course.

Restored to youth and to Bates, I would again be a browser in the college library ; I would seek out there my literary affinities and form as many as possible of those whole-souled and wholesome book friendships which I now know to be a source of unfailing happiness,—proceeding in the main and for honesty's sake along the line of my real sympathies, yet not disregarding the consensus of wise opinion as evidenced by true fame, and always feeding along the northern limit of mental sustenance and enjoyment.

GEORGE HERBERT STOCKBRIDGE, '72.
NEW YORK, March 26, 1896.

Editors of the Bates Student :

IT should be one of the conditions of admission to college that a young man must have determined what his occupation in life shall be. Much valuable time and a great deal of energy is wasted in drifting. I am convinced that some day such will be the universal requirement, and that men will be trained along the lines of their intended profession.

Under the system now generally obtaining, the curriculum means a course of study having for its object chiefly mental drill. This is valuable and should be neither underrated nor neglected, but hand in hand with it must go the wise and free use of the college library, if the full value of college life is to be obtained.

Eight hours a day of study, reading, and thought will in four years make a man master of his text-books, the general and political history of his country, and the literature of his intended profession.

Without all these his success is always problematical.

Were I to repeat my college course I would follow rigidly the salutary rule of eight hours to sleep, eight to recreation and public and social duties, and eight to honest thought and books.

Wasted time is usually the measure of difference between success and failure.

STEPHEN A. LOWELL, '82.

PENDLETON, OREGON, March 25, 1896.

Editors of Bates Student :

IN the Classics and in Mathematics I know of but one method of study. You know its homely name. It is hard on the books, but good discipline for the mind. In Physical Science, always inviting the seeking of "a newer world," for analytical, comparative, and experimental work, Bates fortunately has better facilities than when I was there, and the student will do well to make full use of them. For the trained mind they open the way to large fields and broad ranges of possibilities worthy the choice of a vocation, though the regular professions be not crowded. In metaphysical science I would be less limited to the text-lessons and more of an investigator. In fact, I would have the last year's work at least half elective.

In the study and reading of history (epitomized) I would mind detailed facts less, and the truth revealed more. I was never an omnivorous reader, selecting only a few things in science, philosophy, fiction, and poetry ; and so keen has been my like of them that they have become a part of my life. The Bible should have a place in the curriculum. It gives the first premise and

last analysis of all things. Were its methods better understood, error and prejudice would much faster disappear, and men would readier learn the "more excellent way."

FRANKLIN F. PHILLIPS, '77.

To the Editors of the Student:

"IN view of your experience in life what changes would you make in your methods of study and reading if you could repeat your college course?"

Your question is more easily asked than answered. Like many other Bates boys, I had to work my way through college. This made it necessary for me to be absent very often during term time. Such a course is not conducive to high and thorough scholarship. I realized it in some degree then; I am sure of it now. It was that, however, or nothing, and "half a loaf is better than no bread."

With what time and brains I had I did about the best I could, and have never looked back regretfully over many wasted or misspent hours. Could I go over it again I would be more diligent in the mastery of the studies I *did not like*, in order to discipline myself in the doing of hard and disagreeable things.

In every trade, business, or profession, attention must be given to many uninteresting and disagreeable details. Other things being equal, the man who has schooled himself to attend to these will be most successful. I would also hold constantly in mind the thought that life is made up of to-days, not of to-morrows, and that what a young man does in his student days he is

likely to do all his days. Character and habits are ever tending toward permanence. The lazy student does not drop his laziness when he receives his diploma; the careless student does not doff his careless habits with his college gown; the inaccurate student does not become accurate when he has laid away his tall hat. Experience has taught me to throw my whole force into the work of to-day, because I have never been able to accomplish anything by attempting to work in the to-morrow.

Space does not permit me to say anything upon the subject of reading. I have thought it better to try and say something upon one point rather than nothing upon two.

S. H. WOODROW, '88.

Editors of the Bates Student:

"IN view of your experience in life, what changes would you make in methods of study and reading if you could repeat your college course?"

Confining the answer strictly to *methods*, I should say any alumnus of twenty years' standing would wish to change and improve his method of study by concentrating his attention more fully and completely on the subject in hand, so as to accomplish the most practicable in a given time. Thereby the mental machine would be habituated to more perfect control.

Answering the question more broadly, what change would I make in the topics or subjects of study and reading?

Study a less number of subjects. Try and acquire a ready knowledge of one or two.

For instance, I would now omit the

Greek in the college course altogether and try by study and reading to obtain a practical acquaintance with a modern language besides English.

If the course could now be repeated, I would like, under the guidance of an instructor, to give time to English and American History and Literature, and omit Astronomy, Zoölogy, Botany, etc.

Some one of the latter studies, or a similar one, might be taken up for a diversion, as Professor Stanton studies birds.

Then, with fewer subjects to study, better concentration during study periods, and just enough out-door athletics to keep the muscles hard and the brain clear of cobwebs, the mental machine might be developed under more hopeful auspices than was the case in one particular instance within my knowledge.

GEORGE E. SMITH, '73.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

A GREAT writer once said, "Read what you most affect." By which, I take it, he meant study that which interests you—that which your mind naturally takes hold of and retains. In reviewing my college course, it seems to me that I received very little benefit, except from those studies in which I was interested.

If I were to repeat my college course—and would that I might—I would work harder than I did. That is my first conclusion. Few college students work hard enough. They take life too easily. Consider the man who digs in the ditch. The sweat runs down his face; his garments are wet; at night he is weary. It will not

hurt you to sweat mentally. Hard mental effort is good for a man. Second, I would study more independently. I would not care a sixpence about rank, except to obtain a marking high enough to enable me to remain connected with the institution. I would study the subjects I liked best. The mind is a magnet; and every mind possesses different qualities and attracts things possessing different qualities. I am convinced that the study and investigation of those subjects which we gather and retain with least effort—as by a natural process—is most profitable.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER, '81.

Dear Mr. Milliken:

THE old garden ground of boyish days" is one of Keats's expressions. My years in college were a "garden ground" in which I planted many things, most of which, I rejoice to say, have borne quite welcome fruit. I regret that while I was a good enough student of the regular course to attain a "first part" at graduation, I often neglected the prescribed studies in the pursuit of general reading. I had the "passion for books" when a mere lad, but not being specially fond of the mathematics and "exact sciences" generally, during my college course I followed "the bent of my inclination" more than my present judgment can approve. Even the studies I enjoyed and was adapted to excel in were too often neglected, while I gave my time to the historians, the orators, the poets, and a few of the best romancers.

All the ground I thus covered should doubtless be gone over by the student

at some time, but seeing things as I now do, were I to go through college again for the first time (!) I would make it my first care to *master* (so far as possible) the subjects of the text-books of the course, not at all for the rank but because it would be the wise thing for me to do. I would get a firm grasp of principles, study applications, read up the history of the subjects, make lists of books bearing on them, fill note-books with a variety of thoughts (my own as well as those of others) relating to them, and so thoroughly make all of them parts of my intellectual possessions and ready for use at any time.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. BICKFORD, '72.

BOSTON, MASS., April 3, 1896.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

IN the past twenty years I have heard much testimony offered by graduates of New England colleges regarding the value of the average college curriculum. The majority have of course estimated the value of what they were taught in college by that which it has seemed to yield them in practical advantage with those not college bred. Experience reveals to each and all what is needed most individually. But what

any individual finds that he in particular sets the highest value on may not be equally essential to some one else. Consequently all this testimony does not, it seems to me, shed the effulgent light it is usually supposed to do on the formulating of the very best sort of curriculum. As for myself, I can solemnly swear and affirm that I would not like—if I had the course to take over again—to lose a single morsel of anything that was conscientiously served up to me (although I must admit in parenthesis that the mathematical dose was a large one). I regret only that I could not have acquired in the four years, together with everything else, a familiarity with French sufficient to speak it fairly well. Next I would like to have absorbed German. I would never let any study alone, however, were I in college again, which made me realize that my mind was the more and more limber and agile the longer I pursued it. In the tussle for place and advantage the easy and quick use of the intellect has appeared to me to be the one acquisition which wins in competition with all sorts and conditions of men.

F. B. STANFORD.

[Mr. Stanford was the founder and first editor-in-chief of the BATES STUDENT.—ED.]

College Exchanges.

THE *William and Mary College Monthly* brings to our table some of the most meritorious work that it is our pleasure to review among our numerous exchanges. The last num-

ber received contains, beside some good verse, two excellent stories, "How the Question was Answered," and "Court Day," the latter being one of the most original and entertaining bits

which has come to our notice this season, although it might be more in place in a child's story paper. The character of the little heroine is especially unique.

The *Tennessee University Magazine* shows plainly that it is in the hands of able students, and has a decidedly elevated tone. The well-written story, "The Bloody Cross," treats of an *affaire du cœur*, which as a foundation for plot is somewhat time-worn; however, recompense for this fault is amply found in the author's earnestness and beauty of narrative style.

A pervading spirit of loyalty is to be admired in any college publication, and this spirit is especially pronounced in the case of the *Emerson College Magazine*; moreover if it is true that the character of a college magazine is an index to the character of the institution from which it comes, we must conclude that Emersonians may well cherish a spirit of loyalty.

In the *University Beacon*, after reading the very excellent editorials, it is disappointing to find them followed by no literary articles, either essay or story.

We clip the following verses which we have found pleasing:

IN A COPY OF THE "VITA NUOVA."

Half conscious here the master lays
His fingers on the lyre,
Sweet, simple, strong, the notes he plays—
Notes that have tuned for years and days
The soul's devotion higher.

Unwitting of his noble might,
In steadfast faith he sings,
Telling the way to find aright,
In love's clear, calm, unflickering light,
Life's best, divinest things.

—*Harvard Monthly*.

LIFE'S SEASONS.

NEPTUNUS.

Rain drops falling, black clouds palling,
Muttering thunder rolling by;
Swift wind sighing, smoke-wreaths flying—
Pandemonium in the sky.

Tear drops raining, grief clouds paining,
While the wrathful thunders roll;
Sad hearts sighing, no hope spying—
Pandemonium in the soul.

Bright sun shining, silver lining,
On the swift clouds racing by;
Soft winds greeting, darkness fleeing—
Joy ecstatic in the sky.

Love light shining, soft arms twining,
Gently now the thunders roll;
Glad emotion, heart's devotion—
Joy ecstatic in the soul.

—*Tennessee University Magazine*.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Artist whose muse is never coy nor shy,
But with a courtly air, demure and sweet,
Stepping, with old-world grace, on dainty
feet

That scatter music as they pass us by;
Yet often hide the echo of a sigh
Pressed from the heart above, for though
replete

With wit her song, it often doth repeat
That human smiles to human tears are nigh.
Artist from first to last, and though the storm
Of passion thunder not in every line,
Thou hast not left the matter for the form,
For in each word there breathes the spark
divine,

Ah, thou hast served thy Mistress well and she
Has gained, not lost, by her great gifts to thee.

—*Red and Blue*.

IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Alone, absorbed, she sits, and reads
From heavy tomes of dingy brown
The history of ancient deeds,
Of old beliefs, of worn-out creeds;
And, flooding all the open space,
The sun shines in upon the place,
Rests lightly on that fresh young face,
Revealing in her simple grace,
Elizabeth in cap and gown.

What though no lover may adore?
And marble heroes all look down
With cold eyes changeless evermore
At this sweet girl, a Sophomore—

I know no picture half so fair
 As she is, with her dark brown hair,
 Her earnest face, her quiet air.
 May heaven bless her reading there!
 Elizabeth in cap and gown!
 —*Bachelor of Arts.*

THE BRIAR-ROSE.

The briar-rose bloomed in the meadow
 Where a brook sang on its way,
 And often the sunbeams loitered there
 From dawn till close of day.

And often the wandering south wind
 Lingered to whisper and woo,
 Till briar-rose blushed and hung her head,
 For she thought him a lover true.

"Have a care, have a care, little flower!"
 The meadow brook sang on its way,
 "The sun shines clear, but he's fickle, dear,
 The south wind brides but a day."

But briar-rose mocked and tossed her head,
 The sun and the wind laughed long;
 The little brook fled away to the sea,
 With a minor in its song.

The south wind found a violet bank,
 The sun wooed each flower that blows;
 The brook mourned low—it bore to the sea
 The faded leaves of a rose.

—*The Dickinson Union.*

Education, one of our excellent exchanges, contains in the April number articles on "The Ideal in Professional Teaching," "Aims and Methods in the Study of Literature," and "Outline Studies in Art History."

LOVE'S VICTORY.
 Mine eyes look into thine,
 Thy face upturned to mine,
 Eager I scan;
 No word is spoken now,
 I know not why nor how
 The gulf we span.
 But this alone I know,
 E'en to thy neck of snow
 The blushes run,
 And in this happy hour,
 Thy fond heart owns my power—
 Thy love is won.
 —*University of Virginia Magazine.*

GIFTS.

"Oh, World-God, give me Wealth!" the
 Egyptian cried.
 His prayer was granted.
 Seek Pharaoh's race to-day and ye shall find
 Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.
 "Oh, World-God, give me Beauty!" cried
 the Greek.
 His prayer was granted.
 Go seek the sunshine race, ye find to-day
 A broken column and a lute unstrung.
 "Oh, World-God, give me Power!" the
 Roman cried.
 His prayer was granted.
 A roofless ruin stands where once abode
 The imperial race of everlasting Rome.
 "Oh, God-head, give me Truth," the Hebrew
 cried.
 His prayer was granted.
 No fire consumes him, neither floods devour—
 Immortal through the lamp within his hand.
 —*Hamilton Monthly.*

Our Book-Shelf.

If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and author-craft are of small amount to that.

—CARLYLE.

SINCERITY in a book commands respect. The author who stamps his own individuality on his works, and who

gives his readers glimpses of his soul, is the one who exerts an influence. Even the critic feels reverence for the works of such a writer, and hesitates to judge them. He can feel their charm, perhaps, but cannot explain it. A truly sincere and beautiful work

is the new story written by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, *The Supply at St. Agatha's*.¹ In grand and strong lines the author has drawn for us a picture of her ideal minister of to-day, a man thoroughly in sympathy with God's purpose for humanity. She shows skill in the plot of the story. St. Agatha's, a church originally founded by a noble Christian, has grown cold, proud, and worldly. Through one of its members, the vestryman, who perceives somewhat the need of the church, plans are made for an old country minister, who has lived a simple, faithful life among his flock, to supply at St. Agatha's one Sunday. The old man, who is the grandson of the founder of the church, feels this the opportunity of his life and is very earnest to meet it. Yet, although strong in spirit, the aged minister has been faithful beyond his physical strength, and while performing his parish duties he is suddenly stricken down, unable even to send word to St. Agatha's. His last murmured prayer, "Lord, into thy hands I commit—my supply," forms the key-note of the book. Hereupon the author paints in glowing colors the supply the Lord might send, and the great influence such a man would have. The description of this wonderful man as he addresses St. Agatha's, condemns its pride, and calls for the poor to be brought in, is powerful. And then the story becomes very beautiful, as the author describes how the preacher speaks again to rich and poor together. The minor touches of the story reveal the hand of an artist. It is only the few faithful ones, like the old minister,

who look forward to the supply of the Lord's. And only the very humble ones, like the poor woman, can see him approach. The vestryman, who has some of the true spirit, almost sees the preacher enter, but just at the critical moment he is hindered by his proud wife. This book shows genius and deserves to be widely read.

The Japanese have become so prominent lately that the new book *Kokoro*,² by Lafcadio Hearn, is of special significance and interest. The term *kokoro* means heart, and the book treats of the inner life of the Japanese. It aims to show the civilization of Japan, the national characteristics of its people, their religion, and the ruling motives of their lives. The author evidently feels strong sympathy with them as a people, and favors their religion. The Japanese are described to us as simple, refined, self-controlled, and courteous, with great national pride. The doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul, ancestor worship, and the Japanese theory of love are discussed at length. Much of the teaching of the book takes the form of beautiful stories. The style is simple, graceful, and pleasing. The book is worth reading simply for the philosophical questions discussed. While the author is prejudiced in favor of the Japanese he emphasizes important truths which are generally overlooked. As a whole the book is very attractive.

At this time, when we hear so much about Armenia, it is interesting to know something of the literary productions of the country. Alice S. Blackwell has translated into English

a little volume of *Armenian Poems*,³ written by different Armenian authors. Many of them throb with patriotism and a yearning for the freedom of Armenia. Some are full of despair for her, and others breathe out hope. Notice the spirit in the following lines from *A Song of Fatherland*:

"To the arena, patriots, go forth and cry,
'Behold,
We are the children of those great Armenians of old!
Through us a new Armenia in splendor shall arise,
And cast away the sombre veil that hid her from men's eyes.
Armenia, sit no longer mute and hidden in the shade!
Through us among the nations shall thy name be glorious made."

Loyal until our deaths, for thee we'll strive
with heart and hand.'
Then, brothers, ardent brothers, long live
our native land."

As a whole the poems are not so strong as sweet and graceful. The love song is a favorite. Many of the poems show an appreciation of the beauties of nature,—the sunshine, the flowers, and the birds. The translation is simple and pleasing.

¹The Supply at St. Agatha's. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Mrs. Ward). (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.00.)

²Kokoro. By Lafcadio Hearn. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.25.)

³Armenian Poems. Translated by Alice S. Blackwell. (Roberts Brothers, Boston; \$1.25.)

Clippings.

First algebra scholar—"Say, what did you get for the answer to the first problem? I got X Y." S. A. S.—
"I got X-cused."—*Ex.*

A FOOT-BALL TRAGEDY.

She clung to him, the game was o'er,
Content was in her soul;
"Dear heart, I'm very happy now
That you have come back whole."

With gentle hand he smoothed her curls
And tried to keep a laugh back;
"My dear, your joy is premature,
For I am only *half-back*." —*Ex.*

One of Chicago's yells:—

Who's the feller, who's the feller,
Zip, boom, zah,
Rockefeller, he's the feller,
Rah, rah, rah! —*Ex.*

Actor—"When I am acting I forget everything about me. I see nothing but my role. The public disappears entirely." Friend—"I don't wonder at that."

TWO RONDEAUS.

EXCUSEZ-MOI.

"Excusez-moi," elle doucement dit
Et rougit, "mais je suis surpris;
Vous voulez que vous j'aimerai
Et puis que vous j'é pouserai
Quand votre cassette est dé garnie.
Helas! en place de disant, 'oui,'
De puissante haine et sans merci
Une fois pour tout je répondrai—
"Excusez-moi."

"Encore la demoiselle, il vit;
Ses cheveux noirs étaient très gris,
Car dix ans s'avaient écoulé
Elle dit—"mon cher j'é pouserai."
"Mon bijou beau," il répondit,
"Excusez-moi."

—*Tennessee University Magazine.*

PROPHETIC.

"Coming events cast shadows before,"
So thus we see from afar
That the Freshman will go to the Bench,
And the Sophomore to the Bar!
—*Williams Weekly.*

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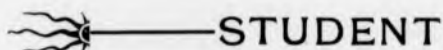
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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednesday preceding Commencement, and on Monday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

The examinations for admission to College will be both written and oral.

Hereafter no special students will be admitted to any of the College classes.

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